

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ophe. I was the more deceiued;

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proud, reuengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue the shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling betweene Earth and Heauen? we are arrant Knaues, be- lieue none of vs. Go thy waies to a Nunry, VVhen's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doost mary, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow- ry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farwell. Or if thou wilt needs mar- ry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry go, and quickly to, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selues another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe.

Exit.

Ophe. O what a noble mind is here othrowne!
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expe'ctation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of ail obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deieft and wretched,
That suckt the hony of his Musick vowes;
Now see what noble and most souereigne reason
Like sweet belsiangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmarcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O wo is me
T' haue scene what I haue scene, see what I see.

Exit.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter King and Polonius

King. Loue: his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the discolse
Will be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute,
Haply the Seas, and Countries different,
With variable obiects shall expell
This something seeld matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe:
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet do I belieue the origen & comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You need not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord; doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his *Queen*-mother all alone intreat him
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To *England* send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmarcht go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you,
trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our
Players do, I had as lue the Town-crier spoke my lines, nor doe
not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vse al gently,
for in the very torrent tempest, & as I may say, whirlwind of your
passion, you must acquire and beget a tempernce, that may giue it
smoothenesse, O it offends me to to the soule, to heare a robusti-

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